

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

UNITY

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U N I T Y

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Editorial Comments

THE tempo is picking up in the political arena. From now on we will be increasingly bombarded with prophecies, promises, and praise. The intra-party struggles will demand our attention until the primaries and conventions are over. Those of the Democrats seem the most exciting where the battles between the right and left wings and within the left wing make for many headlines and heated discussions. The Republicans, while not without right and left wings, have discouraged and frustrated their liberals, leaving the party firmly in the hands of the conservatives and for the present unchallenged. After the conventions we will experience again that quadrennial phenomenon of party unity and harmony—coalitions that will not stay coalesced.

Judging from what we read in the newspapers the settlement of the steel strike was a major political victory. We have seen little or nothing indicating that it has made any similar contribution to resolving our economic problems. It does not appear that the agreement provided any new approaches or constructive answers to automation or inflation. There

is an implied promise that the inflationary spiral will be delayed at least temporarily. We have seen no evidence that the industry, either labor or management, has frankly faced the social responsibility for necessary manpower dislocations due to automation. This is unfortunate as there is a real need for some of our brilliant leaders to come up with a sound method or guide for making the transition to automation a beneficial social change rather than a period of social tragedy.

Planned parenthood has become a political hot potato. The population explosion will become even a bigger one unless something is done about it. Every intelligent person knows that birth control has the major contribution to make in solving the overpopulation problem. It is a sensible solution. It is political dynamite only because ancient social taboos have been perpetuated by creedal dogmas. What was an intelligent code of conduct 2,000 to 3,000 years ago in a nomadic or agricultural society is certainly not relevant to the twentieth century urban and industrialized civilization. It is to be hoped that our


politicians and the people will realize that the solution of the population problem is far more important than the dictates of an authoritarian religion when it comes to achieving peace and making freedom secure. Ultimately the only alternative to population control is dictatorship and genocide.

We salute the Reverend Russell Bletzer of Deerfield, Illinois, for the forthright stand which he and members of the North Shore Unitarian Church have taken on the

proposed integrated housing project being constructed in that Chicago suburb. Too many residents of Deerfield have religious and political convictions that seem to have no relevancy to brotherhood or equal rights of all men under the law. It is a sad commentary on the state of the world in which we live that it does take real courage to stand up and be counted on the side of freedom, justice, and righteousness. But it does and all true liberals should recognize it, hail it, and rally around to support such courage.

The Religion of John Dewey

ALFRED E. KUENZLI

 OHN DEWEY taught philosophy for many years at Columbia University. He influenced many Unitarians, especially our more humanistic brethren. At this time, it seems appropriate to examine his central concepts to see if there is something that might be a source of further enrichment for our lives.

We have in mind, of course, that many persons in the world today are seeking more satisfactory world views. The existentialists are not alone in their search for meaning and inspiration.

We need to focus around six major aspects of Dewey's outlook:

his relativism, his naturalism, his emphasis on community, his emphasis on values, his faith in intelligence, and the process of "becoming." We shall concentrate mainly on the little book, *A Common Faith*, recognizing that these central concepts are to be found in most of his other works as well.

The Relativistic View

To understand Dewey we must recognize, at the outset, that he was a thoroughgoing relativist. All of our knowledge is in a continual state of flux and is relative to a time and place. There are no absolutes in Dewey's *Weltanschauung*.

So it is with religion. His thesis

in the opening pages of *A Common Faith* is that "historic religions have been relative to the conditions of social culture in which peoples lived." He shows that there has been very little universality in the religious conceptions and forms of worship throughout the history of mankind. He points out that there has been worship of animals, of ghosts, of ancestors, as well as of a dread Being who is omnipotent and omniscient.

At another point he states that history exhibits many types of mystic experience, and each of these types is explained by the concepts that prevail in the culture and the circle in which the phenomena occur.

The Naturalistic View

Dewey's relativism is entirely naturalistic. Whatever exists does so within the natural world and it is not necessary to postulate a supernatural realm. All of the phenomena of religion can be explained in terms of the empirical universe and all of the qualities of religious experience are contained therein.

It is important to recognize, in considering Dewey's naturalism, the emphasis which he places on man's "rootedness" in nature. He states that a religious attitude "needs the sense of a connection of man, in the way of both de-

pendence and support, with the enveloping world that the imagination feels is a universe." Otherwise we would feel a sense of isolation and consequent despair or defiance.

At one point in *A Common Faith* he suggests that a humanistic religion would be "pale and thin" if it excluded man's relation to nature.

The Emphasis on Community

Another emphasis in Dewey is his sense of the human community in which each man can find belongingness and fulfillment. He acknowledges that there has been, in historic Christianity, some recognition of the brotherhood of all men. "But those outside the fold of the church and those who do not rely upon belief in the supernatural have been regarded as only potential brothers, still requiring adoption into the family."

He cannot understand how any realization of the democratic ideal as a vital moral and spiritual ideal in human affairs is possible without surrender of the conception of the basic division to which supernatural Christianity is committed. "Whether or no we are, save in some metaphorical sense, all brothers, we are at least all in the same boat traversing the same turbulent ocean. The potential religious significance of this fact is infinite."

The Emphasis on Values

We have seen, then, that Dewey's approach to the understanding of man's place in the universe is relativistic, naturalistic, and focused on the human community. Within the natural order and within the human community, men develop *values*—a fourth major emphasis in the philosophy of John Dewey.

At this point we come to his use of the word "God." In a very typical phrase, Dewey states that, for him, the concept of "God" denotes "the unity of all ideal ends arousing us to desire and actions." He proposes that the word "God" means "the ideal ends that at a given time and place one acknowledges as having authority over his volition and emotion, the values to which one is supremely devoted, as far as these ends, through imagination, take on unity."

At another point he states that the idea of the divine is "connected with all the natural forces and conditions—including man and human association—that promote the growth of the ideal and that further its realization."

The Faith in Intelligence

The method whereby men come to develop and actualize their values is what Dewey has called "the method of natural intelligence." Probably no man has had greater

faith than Dewey in our creative capacities, in our powers of rational thought and action. If we reject the supernatural realm and divine revelation, man is put squarely on his own resources and becomes, truly, the architect of his fate.

The flavor of Dewey's thinking is aptly illustrated in this passage:

Intelligence, as distinct from the older conception of reason, is inherently involved in action. Moreover, there is no opposition between it and emotion. There is such a thing as passionate intelligence, as ardor in behalf of light shining into the murky places of social existence, and as zeal for its refreshing and purifying effect. The whole story of man shows that there are no objects that may not deeply stir engrossing emotion. One of the few experiments in the attachment of emotions to ends that mankind has not tried is that of devotion, so intense as to be religious, to intelligence as a force in social action.

The Process of Becoming

What, then, is Dewey saying? He is saying that there is man and nature and the human community and that all of these are bound up in a process of "becoming," a process of fulfillment which is guided by our capacity for intelli-

gent thought and action. Religious persons, it would seem, are persons who are able to understand and feel the conditions of human existence around them and who then develop ideals that move them to action, in concert with others. In old-fashioned terms, this would, I suppose, be called "doing the Lord's work."

Dewey points out that the process of creation is experimental and continuous. He states:

The artist, scientific man, or good citizen, depends upon what others have done before him and are doing around him. The sense of new values that become ends to be realized arises first in dim and uncertain form. As the values are dwelt upon and carried forward in action they grow in definiteness and coherence. Interaction between aim and existent conditions improves and tests the ideal; and conditions are at the same time modified. Ideals change as they are applied in existent conditions. The process endures and advances with the life of humanity. What one person and one group accomplish becomes the standing ground and starting point of those who succeed them.

The Case against Christianity

A last point which I think Dewey would want us to consider

is his concern about traditional religions. One of his purposes in *A Common Faith* is to emancipate us from "religion" so that we can become "religious." He suggests that "religions now prevent, because of their weight of historic encumbrances, the religious quality of experience from coming to consciousness and finding the expression that is appropriate to present conditions, intellectual and moral."

One of his indictments is that the churches have lagged behind in most important social movements and that they have turned their chief attention in social affairs to moral *symptoms*—to vices and abuses, like drunkenness, sale of intoxicants, or divorce—rather than to the causes of war and the long list of economic and political injustices.

But the main case against historic Christianity is that it has de-emphasized man's creative capacities and has held him in the bondage of ignorance and fear. "Fear," states Dewey, "never gave stable perspective in the life of anyone."

So far as I know, Dewey was not a Unitarian. But it is obvious, I think, that his major concepts have a Unitarian flavor. Most of us can, at least, admire his faith in the free use of intelligence and his emphasis on human brotherhood.

New Dimensions in Liberal Religion*

ARTHUR FOOTE

"In this refulgent summer, it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life."

THUS Emerson began his Divinity School Address at Harvard, 121 years ago. It was a strange, though apparently innocuous, way to begin. Actually, as we now see from our lengthening perspective, it was both appropriate and prophetic. Emerson saw, with a clarity far exceeding his fellow Unitarians, that this young movement, for all its genteel, upper middle-class respectability, was not "just another" in the rapidly growing family of American sects. It represented a new departure; it began a second Reformation.

The opening allusion to the beauty of nature and the goodness of being was Emerson's way of saying that it is *in this world*, within the natural order, that we properly look for divinity. We are to put behind us, he says in effect, the ancient and crippling notion that existence is to be divided into the natural and the supernatural, the sacred and the secular, the human and the divine. The goodness of being is to be found in the

growing grass, and the "meadow spotted with fire and gold." God is to be found residing not in some distant heaven but in this present Garden of Eden, this vastly creative natural process itself. And most clearly and certainly of all in the human soul, where there is found no wall, no barrier, separating the human and divine. "If a man is at heart just," he announced, "then in so far is he God."

We better understand than did his own contemporaries Emerson's impatience with the orthodoxy of Unitarianism, its imprisonment in old forms, its failure to grasp the revolutionary character of its break from Christian orthodoxy. For the realization grows that liberal religion has again and again missed its golden opportunities through failure to understand the implications of its rejection of dogma and creed.

Those implications seem to have been better understood by Emerson than by most Unitarians. For he said, "Jesus serves us by the beauty of his example and persuasive power of his teachings—thus and thus only." And "the word Miracle, as pronounced by Christian Churches, . . . is Monster." Men believe not in

*A Commencement Address given to the graduating class at Meadville Theological School, June 9, 1959.

"the soul of man, but only in some man or person old and departed . . . O, my friends, there are resources in us on which we have not drawn."

"The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences, but . . . are fragmentary . . . I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy."

From start to finish, the Address sets forth what nowadays is often labelled "religious naturalism." True, it is naturalism of a lofty sort, full of poetry and the sense of wonder, rich in intuitive insight, but still naturalism. Throughout is proclaimed a sturdy faith in the power of the human spirit, in the oneness of knowledge, and the essential harmony of science and religion. The sacred is not something added to life, any more than greenness is added to a leaf, or wings to a bird, or a man's mind to his body. These are one and all natural characteristics.

Little wonder some of the older persons present that July evening heard this address with mounting alarm. One Unitarian worthy,

you remember, was to call it "the latest form of infidelity." Such a charge seems fantastic to us; yet he was correct in sensing the revolutionary nature of the challenge that Emerson was presenting to the graduating seminarians and, ultimately, to all of liberal religion.

Would that I knew how to challenge you as deeply. For I am convinced that Unitarianism and Universalism stand again on the threshold of vast new opportunities. There never was a more exciting time to be entering the ministry of the free church. Rich and satisfying in so many ways as these last twenty-three years in the ministry have been for me, I find myself a little envious of you, just starting out. The next twenty-three years, I venture to predict, will see many dramatic and dynamic changes in the life, the structure, and program of the liberal church.

Of course, our united Unitarian-Universalist movement may fail utterly to meet the responsibilities this atomic age is thrusting upon it. In my less optimistic moods, I feel that we are much too comfortable, too respectable, too soft and superficial, too lacking in intellectual depth and spiritual dedication, to meet the challenge. One of the most crucial needs is for us to "lift our sights," in order to see the measure of our respon-

sibilities.

The last fifteen years have seen a phenomenal revival of the institution of the Church in America. Ecclesiastical prosperity parallels the economic. Judging by the thousands of new churches with their laminated arches, electronic organs, and stainless steel crosses, the Church is thriving. But what this signifies we are by no means certain. We see little evidence of genuine repentance for our greater sins—the sins of global plunder and war. It is not hard to imagine what Amos might have to say, or Jeremiah.

Our liberal churches have been swept along in this ecclesiastical "bonanza"—why, again we are not sure. But because of it, we are tempted to a dangerous complacency, to ride with the wave of prosperity, instead of asking ourselves hard questions: Are we gaining the world, and losing our soul? Are our churches creative, dynamic centers of life-learning, where people are being motivated to think hard, and to become more "greatly human, responsible and free"? Are we devising new forms of worship that quicken our sense of sacred reality, and strengthen our loyalties, and motivate us to consistently wise and loving actions? Are we proclaiming to the world that we have a *faith for living*, adequate to meet all the "slings and arrows of out-

rageous fortune"?

Ours must be a promethean faith in Man, in his extraordinary potentialities, and in the possibility that he can so increase his own self-understanding as to bring about as radical a transformation of himself and his human relationships as his understanding of external reality, through natural science, has wrought in the world. This must be our faith, because we do not believe in any other kind of miracle. We do not believe in an interfering God, who will somehow "bail us out" of our predicament.

Because we have faith in Man, we greatly admire the way in which men of old enabled Yahweh to evolve from a tribal Deity to the universal, ethical God of the prophets, the loving heavenly Father of Jesus. This bears testimony to the ethical evolution of the Jewish people themselves—they who created this one God of all mankind. There is magnificence in this projection onto the universe of man's maturing hopes and ideals.

Perhaps such a transcendent God exists. We may even believe that this is so. But we do not know, *and cannot know*, apart from divine revelation.

Ours is religion without revelation—that is, without belief in the direct, supernatural communica-

tion of truths otherwise unattainable by the human mind. Such has been the growing consensus in our movement, surely, since Emerson. Of course, we do not say that such revelation is impossible; but most of us *are* ready to say that we do not find supernaturalism persuasive, especially attractive, or of help in the search for truth and the "good life." On the contrary, we hold it generally to be a positive hindrance, by undermining Man's belief in himself, his own worth and spiritual sufficiency.

To the ever-growing company of those who find supernaturalism unconvincing, and a little magic as hard to take as a lot, we are called upon to testify that religion without revelation can be deeply satisfying; that it has compensations that are not inconsiderable.

Among these—as Emerson might have phrased it—is that God reënters human life. I like that phrasing, too, though I have no quarrel with men like Julian Huxley, who prefers to call it "Sacred Reality." For the important thing is the recognition that the religious naturalist may have a lively, poetic, even mystical apprehension of sacred reality. This is crucial; it is, we think, one of those "shining laws" Emerson looked to see "come full circle." As the idea of God evolved from animism, through polytheism, to ethical

monotheism, the gulf between God and man steadily widened. God became ever less the environing world of spirit, ever more the perfect embodiment of holiness and purity; and the gulf left men feeling increasingly unworthy, sinful, and helpless. It was as if men had taken their highest ideals, and thrust them away from themselves into Heaven. They said of God: "Only He is holy," and, as they said this, God became ever more remote and unapproachable. Thus, ideals that began in man, that originate in ourselves, became a power apart from man, external to ourselves.

Religious naturalism counters with the bold assertion that Man, full of conflict, of irrational impulses, of self-defeating fears and self-concern, nonetheless does himself grave disservice by divorcing himself from God, by externalizing the good that is a crucially important part of his nature. In place of a transcendent Deity, he asserts that men are actually living their lives in the midst of a marvelous creative process; and that within Man, the human part of nature, are moral and spiritual powers on which, alas, he seldom draws; and from which he has become largely and tragically estranged.

The struggle of the last forty years in Unitarianism between humanist and theist has just about

petered out. For now there is common recognition that whether we call it God, or sacred reality, or leave it nameless, we live our lives immersed in what William James called "our Mother Sea"; that our words refer to this encompassing reality, and not to a supernatural Being beyond our everyday experience. We do not challenge the rare mystic's experience of the invasion of his personality by another, a divine person; we may question but cannot deny the validity of his description; but neither can we corroborate it. Instead we affirm that God is available to us whenever we adequately open ourselves to reality, to the all-environing wonder and beauty and secret urge of existence itself. There is no necessity of calling it "God." What is necessary is that we do learn to encounter reality at as great a depth as we are capable.

Another advantage of religious naturalism is that it squarely confronts us with our task. Man has to take responsibility for himself. No one else will "pull his chestnuts from the fire." Colloquially, Man must "lift himself by his own bootstraps." That is supposed to be impossible; but how else did our remote ancestors get out of the jungle, and leave their simian cousins behind? The whole story of mankind is the account of man lifting himself "by his own boot-

straps." Practically everything significant that Man has ever accomplished *had* been labelled "impossible" by those who did not dare to try.

The task before mankind now is nothing less than self-transformation. There is no longer any honorable way of evading the hard task of exploring the self. We agree that this is an enterprise calling for heroism; for it is a deeply ingrained tendency in human nature to avoid self-disclosure. The human self is every bit as mysterious as the cosmos itself. Like the ocean, we have scarcely begun to explore the hidden depths of the psyche—its strange and frightening monsters, its mysterious currents and volcanic eruptions, and its almost unlimited creative resources.

The liberal's promethean faith in Man rests on the belief that the methods which scientists have used in the exploration of the earth will provide him with the tools he needs for his inner voyages of discovery. He feels that he can pin very considerable hope upon what knowledge a concentrated scientific effort can yield in a single generation.

The liberal also begins to see why moral exhortation has proven relatively useless over the centuries, in transforming human nature. He begins to understand that Man has externalized not

only his good but also his evil. While he has projected his ideals and virtues into a vision of God, he has personified the darkness in his own soul, and thrust it from him—projecting it sometimes upon a chap he has called “Satan,” and sometimes upon his own neighbors—upon the alien, the criminal, the outcast, the non-conformist.

The kind of radical improvement in human behavior imperative to survival in tomorrow's world cannot be achieved by wholesale conversions à la Billy Graham. Rather, we pin our hopes on our learning why we harbor the devil no less than the divine; why we vent our own hidden hostilities upon the unsuspecting; why we take secret delight in punishing criminals; in repeating gossip; why, wanting to love and to understand, we so often end up hating.

Yesterday's liberal has been accused of “committing mythology,” by believing in progress. In so far as he really did believe in automatic progress “onward and upward forever,” we know he was guilty—guilty of naïveté—of misreading the story of evolution, and of repressing awareness of the evil in his own nature.

Today's and tomorrow's liberal will nevertheless believe in progress—not automatic or inevitable—but made possible by significant

increase in self-understanding. This belief may be optimistic, but it is not blind; it is based upon the rapid advances of the last few decades toward understanding human motivations and the causes of aggressiveness and arrested growth, of conflicting emotions and internal warfare within the human organism.

There is emerging awareness that, at the human level, evolution need not be a blind process. The great discovery of our own time is in the realm of inner space. It is the discovery—usually linked to the name of Sigmund Freud—of our own fractured consciousness, that we are not whole men; rather “houses divided against ourselves.” But this is not discouraging information; nor corroboration of the doctrine of original sin. On the contrary, it is evidence that we are at the threshold of a new phase of our psychological evolution. This new phase will not be complete until the subconscious is raised and the conscious widened, so that we become whole human beings.

What this means, we can barely begin to envisage; but we think it means that the integrated man of tomorrow will be far more able to use both the intuitive powers of thought that pre-scientific men knew—the kind of racial apprehension known by those “unspoiled” by civilization—the

powers of critical analysis which have given scientific men such mastery over their environment, even at the cost of losing their intuitive insight into the depths of their own beings.

By combining in a new creative synthesis, the intuitive and the critical faculties of the human mind, there will emerge, we believe, a new creature—of greater wisdom, maturity, and wholeness. This new man will be capable, as only those rare spiritual giants of the past have been, of consistent, intelligent, socially desirable behavior.

All this has tremendous implications for the liberal church of tomorrow. We have hardly begun to explore what kind of a church religion without divine revelation requires—what kind of worship, what kind of leadership, what kind of program. It is apparent that our present churches are inherited structures, designed for worship of a supernatural Deity, and for one-day-a-week religion. But if God is sacred reality all about us, and experienced in the depths of our own beings, must we not reëxamine what we come together to do, and ask whether we are in any observable measure succeeding?

For petitionary prayer we must substitute what may be described as dynamic meditation, a spiritual discipline which

gives a set to the whole psyche and attunes it to wider and higher levels of reality.

So writes Julian Huxley in a recent essay, and we could not agree more heartily. Yet where in our churches or seminaries have we made place for the learning or practicing of disciplined meditation?

As you can guess, I love to preach. I would rather listen to good preaching than to any other form of public address. I believe it can be an effective way of communicating ideas, of evoking emotional response, and of motivating to action. But have we really sought to reëvaluate the function of preaching? Is this so clearly the best way there is to encourage the growth of character, and to foster the practices of maturity, that every minister should be expected to produce forty or more new sermons annually?

These are but a few of the many questions that I hope you are raising and will continue to raise insistently in your own parishes. I hope you will ask your parishioners to think through with you the role of the minister in the liberal church; for you will find that there has been little discussion of this, and that the expectations, though large, are mainly traditional.

I see the liberal church of to-

morrow as a highly experimental laboratory. With increasing leisure, it will become a vigorous center of adult education. There will be far fuller utilization of the arts. And there will be instruction in meditation. I look to see the Quaker practice of silent worship widely introduced, as soon as there is greater recognition that this is one of the most significant discoveries ever made in the field of worship.

Of course, we are creatures of habit; if we were not, how many

more parish churches would have closed their doors for good, long since. Change comes hard, and discouraging often is the response to efforts to give our religious life more depth. But, surely, a church that believes it is *not* a dispensary of past revelations, but rather *a school for the art of living*, for the attainment of greater maturity, greater ethical sensitivity, and higher consciousness of sanctity in existence, ought to be eagerly seeking out whatever means can be devised to reach these goals.

The Divinity Schools

VON OGDEN VOGT

FOR many years I have cherished the hope that some great college, free from ecclesiastical control, would attempt the coordination and celebration of the highest values of life in such form and guise as to constitute its religion. Such an effort need not abandon true Christianity, but it would be a positive formation of all its beliefs and rites according to the ultimate mandates of truth and goodness and beauty. Now lately some of our greatest universities, instead of opening a new path

of advance for the churches, have themselves succumbed to sectarian pressures by the admission of dogmatic teaching within the frame of their academic structure. They have appointed numerous clergymen of confessional churches to faculty status in the divinity schools. These new professors, having already sworn allegiance to a fixed set of beliefs, stand under commitments in direct conflict with the open commitment required of every other faculty member. Although there have previously been isolated instances

of like character, the recent actions effect an eventful change in university policy and principle that is of the first magnitude.

At Yale, theological thought had already moved far towards the right of its former liberalism. At Harvard, the change came in connection with the expansion program undertaken by two committees appointed by President Conant, committees composed chiefly of leading churchmen. At Chicago, the change was not unconnected with the competition for students from a church world largely orthodox. The result at the Divinity School of Harvard University is that numbers of essential courses are offered by ordainees of confessional churches. At the University of Chicago, the Federated Divinity Faculty—constituted not long since by schools of four free churches, Baptist, Congregational, Disciples, and Unitarian—now has a composition that is over forty per cent confessional churchmen.

This amazing change is now being defended as a new catholicity of hearing all sides. I believe the defense to be an *ex post facto* rationalization. Professor Amos Wilder in the *New Republic* argues for a "confluence of variant views" and proposes a faculty representing not only Christian bodies but other religions also. Professor James Luther Adams'

address on the "Uses of Diversity" is a stout plea for heterodoxy, but also it seems to defend the Harvard situation as being "sensitive to the divers pieties and traditions of the churches and bringing them into dialogue with each other." A recent book by Professor Morton White, *Religion, Politics and the Higher Learning*, proposes an identity of commitments for all members of a university faculty. He fails to notice, however, the case of those whose previously closed commitments are at variance with his demand for identity of commitment. Constructively he specifies the necessary character of university teaching in divinity as "theology in terms of its concerns and not in terms of its conclusions."

What then shall we say of this new situation and its defense as a system of catholicity and valuable dialogue?

It has excused the divinity school from that openness of commitment that is required in all other departments of the university, and thus allowed it to do what Professor White would have it avoid, "separate its spirit from the rest of the university." This is an ominous peril for the university itself. The obverse of academic freedom to teach is the freedom of the teacher. Freedom to teach has no meaning if the teacher is himself bound. The

admission of authoritarian teaching in religion is not far from its admission in anything or everything else.

It has abandoned the valid distinction between the free churches and the confessional churches. It makes light of creeds which among the churches are taken seriously. It relies upon a practice of such widely variant interpretations as to be no longer intellectually respectable. The confessional principle itself, adherence to a fixed creed as required for ordination but not for membership, is a principle of imposition that has no proper place in either church or academy.

It is a policy of appeasement. It has thrown the weight of university prestige upon the side of that prevalent orthodoxy which the Reverend Leslie Pennington as a liberal has lately called "the most massive and critical opposition which we have confronted in the religious history of America." If it has minimized the differences between liberal and popular religion, it has widened the rift between all religion and scholarship.

It is a strange perversion to suggest that representatives of diverse theologies must be installed in divinity chairs in order to promote their dialogue with each other. It is indeed necessary for the schools to hear all sides, in-

cluding much more about other religions; it is not necessary to accord faculty status to authoritarian churchmen in order to hear their sides. Guest lectureships are quite sufficient. The admission of confessional teachers for the purposes of dialogue has only aided the forces that are quenching dialogue for the common people. How can everyone hear all sides? Secular journals are mostly silent. Sectarian publications are largely one-sided. The chief non-denominational journal of religion has all but ceased to print both sides. For our citizens in general there is no dialogue at all. Hitherto the voice of the university has been for our nation the voice of free thought; now in the most important area of life, it speaks a muddled word. This is a disaster for us all.

It discolours many courses of study, often the only courses available in subjects of central import. The confessional professor is not there for dialogue, but to teach in some specific field, and all his teaching is tinged by his previous commitment, preventing rather than furthering student opportunity to hear all sides. At the University of Chicago, for instance, besides other courses, there is a "common core" in each field of study required of all students. In the Bible field, two courses in the New Testament are required. Both are taught by confessional

professors. In the field of theology, two of the four required are offered by confessionalists. Members of confessional churches teach all three of the common core in the history of Christianity. Whatever this may be for professors, for students it is certainly not hearing all sides.

By excessive preoccupation with theology, it hinders a new and powerful worship. The liberal religion of the early twentieth century and its movement for deeper worship had no time to mature before they were engulfed by a strong European-derived reaction. They failed to establish even one chair of Liturgics, which might have prolonged their vitality. The neo-orthodox leaders have made the same mistake. There is still no chair of Liturgics to correct the one-sided drive of dogmatism and lead the way to complete religion. Nor can the worship of a school composed of divers churchly representatives develop the clear moral sanctions now so desperately needed, sanctions that must be grounded upon the cele-

bration of new conceptions of reality, new conditions of industry, and new responsibilities for human government all over the world.

It postpones the clarity of a new philosophy of religion based upon deeper foundations than creeds, a formulation that will heal the breach between religion and scholarship and rally the allegiance of high-minded men everywhere. The time for this clarity is now. The elements are at hand. It cannot be the utterance of a compromise with authoritarians but only the voice of the free mind.

What to do now? I do not know, except to urge upon the universities a reversal of the present trend. The very day I write this, however, comes a hopeful sign. In a packet from the Harvard Divinity School are the texts of two addresses. That of the former dean, for all its erudition, is stilled grounded upon "theology in terms of its conclusions," but the word of the new dean, Samuel H. Miller, is firmly devoted to "theology in terms of its concerns."



Brainwashing—American Style

JAMES CLARKE MOLONEY

EVEN though the week had been relatively quiet—one barroom-knifing involving a dispute between two itinerate cannery workers—Inspector Frank Cassinegli was tired and thankful it was over. That was the one good thing about working the homicide detail, the Saturdays and Sundays off to spend with his wife and three children—the Saturday evenings watching television, the Sunday trips to the zoo or the playground or the rides through the countryside after late morning mass. Now just two hours to go and, unless one of the million or more persons who made up the restless city violated God's fifth commandment, those two full days would be his.

The children would be arriving home from school about this time and Esther would be setting out milk and cookies for them before starting to prepare Friday night dinner. Friday night, *fish*, the only bad part of the working week's end. Why couldn't there be a fish that tasted even faintly like a good, rare porterhouse? He was thinking of telephoning Esther to find out whether she needed any last-minute items like an extra quart of milk, a can of dog food, or a bottle of good table

wine when the instrument demanded his attention, instead, with a sharp, angry ring. Fifteen years of exemplary police duty from patrolman to homicide inspector almost immediately overcame his first reaction of hesitation and being trespassed upon.

"Homicide, Inspector Cassinegli."

"Cassie, this is Dugan at the desk. Looks like we might have one for you down here. Guy picked up in Greenlawn Cemetery for digging up one of the graves. Said it was his mother's but then started raving about killing *him* and something about a lot of dirty *toads*. I think we got ourselves a psycho but he insists on talking with one of you boys. He clammed up soon as we brought him in and he doesn't look like the type of guy we can afford getting rough with."

"Okay, Dugan, be right down," he said, deciding he wouldn't call Esther until he could determine whether he would be delayed past five. It had happened this way so many times that she had learned long ago to mask the disappointment of keeping a carefully-prepared meal heating on the stove for an extra two hours. He resented this final-hour in-

truder and hoped that if there actually had been a homicide it would be one of those too infrequent cases done in passion and wrapped up with a few statements from the killer and any witnesses involved. That way it would end quickly, maybe even within the next couple of hours, so that the week end still belonged to him, Esther, and the kids. He butted his cigarette, straightened his loosely-hanging necktie, picked up his portable tape recorder in case there was a confession to hear, and left his office for what he hoped would prove to be nothing more than a two-hour chore. He even thought about asking God to do all in His power to make it so, but dismissed the thought.

"No, Inspector, I don't mind telling you about it. In fact now that he's dead I feel as though all my troubles have ended. I've found peace within myself for the first time since I was a small boy—more than forty years ago. It wasn't just killing him that did it, it was finally ridding myself of all the evil misery he has stood for these many years.

"I suppose it's a rather strange tale. At least I'm certain you'll find it so. But actually, it's a great relief to tell it and it's very seldom, indeed, that one finds such an interested listener. I'm certain that words like *psycho* and

squirrelly won't enter *your* mind while you listen. You see, despite what I've done, I don't consider myself what one might be prone to call a mad man.

"He gave me quite a start when I saw him there in the cemetery. It wasn't solely the fact that I never dreamed of finding him there but also that I was so detached from reality that the presence of even a mosquito would have given me a sudden start. I was seated near Mother's grave and entertaining the thought that with her dead now the life span of the family name will be only as long as my own remaining time. You see, I was an only child and without a wife or an heir the death of me will mean its death, too. No, I must be truthful with you. Actually, I was thinking about a toad—a toad I first saw many years ago.

"It was a June day something like today has been. I was a small child then, sitting in our living room watching the summer shower splattering on the window pane. We lived in the suburbs, just Mother and I. The window overlooked my secret lily pond that was filled with so many wonderfully mysterious insects and water creatures. I was waiting for the storm to pass and as soon as it did, I ran straight to the pond. I was so excited that I entirely forgot about my new shoes and

the sopping wet fields. I was afraid that the storm had frightened him away but, no, as I got closer I saw him, still perched on his own private stone. I was thrilled beyond your imagination to find him there again—Mr. Frog, his royal green highness, gleaming in the warm afternoon sun! He sat there with his head held high in sleek dignity just as he sat on the pages of our favorite fairy tale. It seems strange, indeed, that after all these years I can still close my eyes and hear the drone of Mother's voice as she read me this story:

His Royal Highness, the King of all Frogdom, was bored with the affairs of court. He longed to live like all other little frogs lived, so one day he disguised himself as a commoner and set out to make a new life for himself. He changed his name and called himself Mr. Green. Mr. Green, secretly the King of all the Frogs, leaped into the Mystic Dell where there lived a band of dancing elves. The King, disguised in tatters, sat alone and unnoticed beside a pond covered with lily pads. Not a single frog or dancing elf paid the slightest attention to him. They just went right on dancing and fiddling because none of them realized he really was their King. Then Mr. Green sneezed in his loud bass voice

that was louder than any other frog's voice. This frightened the elves and frogs and they all stopped dancing and fled to their secret hiding places. This saddened Mr. Green because he was a good and just King, but he knew exactly what to do. Mr. Green polished his silver-rimmed spectacles and laboriously and carefully tuned his bass violin. As he began to play, the bashful elves slowly danced out of their hiding places. The music of his violin zoomed into the air and cast a magic spell over all the elves and frogs who listened. As he played, a change swept over Mr. Green. His tattered rags fell from his flashing sides. His spectacles dropped to the ground. His eyes flashed with gold and a green light glowed from him. Seeing this, the elves abruptly stopped dancing and the frogs stopped croaking and all fell to their knees shouting Huzzahs for their King.

"There was an odd thing about Mother. Any time something that seemed dirty, moist, and dark proved to be cheerful, dry, and bright she always got terribly elated. That's why I was so excited to find Mr. Green that morning at the lily pond. Mother had been depressed for several days and I was sure in my childish logic that I could cheer her up

by catching our Mr. Green, King of all Frogdom, and making her a present of him. I snagged him with my hat and ran to the house only to be puzzled and heart-broken by Mother's reaction. She took one glance inside the hat, screamed something about a *filthy toad*, snatched the hat from me, and stuffed both hat and toad into the garbage can. Then she pulled me into the bathroom, stripped me, and lathered me with laundry soap from head to foot. I suppose I had always known that Mother didn't really believe Mr. Frog could have been that toad but it didn't make much difference. She never read me the story again, but that didn't matter either because I gradually came to realize that I didn't really like frogs very much, anyway.

"I've been watching your face very carefully, Inspector, and I'm pleased. I haven't seen words like *mad* or *insane* form on your lips and your eyes have failed to show fear for even a fleeting second. I wouldn't criticize you if they did, because I already have killed once today, you know. Evidently you understand there is nothing to fear about me now. I killed because I had a reason, a very good reason. I hadn't realized it was he who had been torturing me for all those years, and when the realization came there in the cemetery, it was the only thing I

could do. Permit me to continue and I'm sure you will agree that my action was perfectly justified."

Inspector Cassinegli thought of his week end and Esther preparing dinner. He glanced at his watch with a feeling of selfish guilt. The suspect was talking freely and cooperatively, so let him talk without interruption.

"Please do," Cassinegli, the Homicide Inspector, said, as that role won out over Frank, the husband, and Daddy, the father, with little struggle.

"It wasn't long after the frog incident when I met a new and fascinating friend. I was jumping over cracks in the sidewalk when I took a nasty fall. I sat where I fell, watching the blood trickle down my shins, when a voice behind me asked whether I had hurt myself. Of course, my answer was negative because Mother had carefully explained many times that I *never* got hurt when I fell. The voice behind me was an insistent one, so I explained about the episode when Mother fell down the back stairs and told me to run outside and play when I showed concern. Even though she spent three months in the hospital, she never once admitted to me that she had been hurt in the fall. Then the pesty little voice made sense for the first time by explaining that hospitals are where they take *hurt people*. I

then decided to turn around and take a first look at its owner—who might not be so dumb after all. He was a humpty-dumpty little chap with curly black hair and large, protruding eyes. Upon further questioning, he explained that whenever he fell his mother ran to him, smothered him with anxious kisses, and called him her *poor little hurt bambino*. Then I was the puzzled one. *Bambino* was a strange word to my vocabulary which Mother often had told me was an excellent one for a seven-year-old. Humpty-dumpty explained that he was American but his parents were Italian and, in Italian, *bambino* meant baby. I was delighted to learn that my new friend was Italian because one of Mother's favorite fairy tales was *Venice in the Spring*, a story about an ugly, gnarled-up old gondolier who was transformed into a handsome prince for rescuing a beautiful princess from drowning and disappearing without asking for a reward. Naturally, I assumed that Mother loved Italians and I convinced Humpty-dumpty to come home with me. I thought it a bit strange that Mother wouldn't permit us to play indoors but I soon forgot about her strange reaction to my new friend in the pride and excitement of showing him my secret lily pond. Our friendship was short-lived and died in a

disastrous encounter with Mother. Humpty-dumpty and I were playing in an old warehouse near my home, taking turns running down a ramp that sloped sharply to the sidewalk. My friend was taking his turn when Mother happened along, dressed for a shopping trip to town and smelling as fresh as a spring lily. She stopped abruptly, flailing her arms in self-defense, while Humpty-dumpty swerved in wild panic trying to avoid a collision. Mother screeched and shouted that my friend was a *dirty little wop* and a *filthy little toad*. Humpty-dumpty didn't attempt to apologize. He simply lowered his curly black head and disappeared without looking back at me. It was the last time he came to play with me.

"When I questioned Mother about the new word she had called my friend, she explained that a *wop* is a *dago*—a *dirty Italian* and that all dirty Italians eat a *nasty-smelling old weed called garlic*. You probably won't believe this, I'm sure, but to this day I still wonder about the taste of garlic. As a matter of fact, I don't even know an Italian well enough to inquire about it.

"I realize I must be taxing your patience with these incidents but I feel I must justify my action in the cemetery this afternoon. This final childhood incident I'll relate may help illustrate that it

was something I had to do.

"Jasper Hill was right up the street from our home. It was a beautiful hill covered with columbine, morning glories, and a mixture of beautifully-hued flora cultivated by the green thumb of Mrs. Sterling, who owned the entire hill and the spacious mansion at its crest. Mrs. Sterling was a pudgy woman who tried to increase her height by holding her head back and jutting her chin forward and upward. She had a habit of peering down the plane of her face at anyone directly confronting her. From my position close to the ground, I scarcely saw her face at all, although I always had a good view of her broad throat and occasionally even saw her mouth, which seemed to circle her round face just above the chin line. Mother was terribly impressed with Mrs. Sterling and the social position she occupied in the community, so it could naturally go unsaid that Mother was in ecstasy when the woman took her into her confidence as a new-found friend. Often they visited together at Sterlingcroft, and occasionally, when Mother thought I had been extremely well-behaved, I was allowed to accompany her. How well I remember one of those visits. It was a hot day with spirals of heat bouncing up from the pavement as we trudged slowly toward the top of

Jasper Hill. We were near the top when a woman in a car passed us going downward with a friendly honk of the horn. I started to wave back when Mother slapped my hand and told me to ignore the woman because it was Jennie Rogan and *everyone knows Jennie Rogan is no-account*. When we reached the front porch of Sterlingcroft, Mrs. Sterling was there to greet us both with a kiss. Mother was so happy I actually could see her eyes sparkle. It was when Mrs. Sterling showed us the new plant that Mrs. Rogan had just brought her that I pulled the faux pas which marked the end of all visits to Jasper Hill. I blurted out that *Jennie Rogan's no-account* and turned to Mother for a nod of approval. My childish parroting of Mother's words shocked Mrs. Sterling, and the woman set about to explain that Mrs. Rogan was a fine woman. I couldn't be swayed because Mother had said differently and cited Mother as my source in self-defense. Mrs. Sterling insisted that Mother was fooling so I turned to her for support. She came through wonderfully, explaining that Jennie Rogan was *no-account* because she was a Catholic and her husband was a *crooked Democratic politician*. Mrs. Sterling tried in vain to point out that Catholics are nice people and cited President Wilson

as a Democrat who was one of our country's finest leaders. Mother accused Mrs. Sterling of being *biased*, even though our hostess explained that she was a Presbyterian, that not a single member of her family had ever held a public office, and that both she and her husband had been Republicans for years. She insisted that Mrs. Rogan was one of her dearest friends. That was the comment that cut the cord. As immature as I was, I could see the end of the friendship was at hand. Mother couldn't stand to think that Mrs. Sterling had *another* dear friend. She mumbled something about a *horrid toad* as she spun around and stalked off indignantly with me trailing behind, trying as usual to keep up with her pace.

"Well, Mother is dead now as you no doubt are aware. There weren't many mourners at the funeral this afternoon. Neither of us had many close friends. I always dread the pain of the break in friendship that inevitably comes sooner or later. Yes, I've always shunned intimacies, just as I've always shunned Italians, Catholics, and Democrats.

"I was sitting near Mother's grave after the few mourners had left, thinking about all those horrid toads, those dirty toads. Mother owned so many dirty little toads that, with her death, were willed

to me. I was there to mourn her and, instead, realized for the first time in my life that Mother wasn't the magnificent person I thought she was. All those dirty toads left to me! Then I saw him coming toward me. He was horrible, filthy! He had to die so that for the first time I could live; he had to die with her! The rock was the first thing I could seize. The sensation of smashing it against his head was most gratifying. One blow was enough. He died almost instantly. Then, I dug up Mother's grave and buried him with her. It was fitting. They belonged together. It freed me, can't you see? I had to kill him and bury him with Mother to free myself. I had to live!"

Inspector Cassinegli switched off the tape recorder and caught the end of the tape as it slapped against the reel.

"He insisted on making this *confession*, Doc, so I figured I'd tape it to help out whoever has to treat him. It won't be an easy case. I studied enough psychology in junior college to pity him and to know that you people have one hell of a job ahead of you. Tell me, Doc, how do you go about convincing a guy that there's no crime in killing a toad?"

Inspector Cassinegli looked at his watch. Five-thirty! The week end was still his, but what was worse than warmed-over fish?

BOOKMAN'S NOTEBOOK

CHARLES W. PHILLIPS

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

If this column had some kind of a flag to fly at half-mast, it would certainly do so as a result of the recent death, in an auto accident, of Albert Camus. Several times this column has called attention to him, and most recently the last issue dealt with Germaine Bree's critical study of him. His was a great humanistic voice. Acutely sensitive, relentlessly honest, a profound affirmer of life and a prophetic moralist—he was still young, he was still obviously developing immense powers, and the next stages of development were to be watched with enormous interest. Death *per se*—anyone's—is not “tragic,” but this one in the world of art, letters, and, I should say, “religion” is a shame. Still I feel that the mood and tone he has set will have the influence of gradual inspiration, and some other or others will find the lines, whatever they might have been, which would have been the direction of his fulfillment.

A book of considerable value, I think, is Arthur Koestler's *The Sleepwalkers*, sub-titled “A History of Man's Changing Vision of the Universe,” (Macmillan, \$6.50). The price is stiff. This might be a paperback later—should be—so maybe you want only to take it out of the library first. It is more than the sub-title suggests, or Milton Konvitz' *Changing Theories of the Universe*, of a few years

ago, would suffice. Koestler relates the bare theories of geocentricity, heliocentricity, and their forms at different times, to the cultural development of the times in a deep, but pleasant, lucid way.

Koestler has some points of his own to argue. He is intrigued, as we all might be, by the fact that from 600 to 300 B.C. the Greeks developed a mature and correct idea of the sun-centered universe, had some remarkably precise measurements, and a mathematics good enough to exploit it further, but all of this knowledge faded out of the picture, only to have to be re-discovered, slowly, painfully, many centuries later. Tremendous intellectual developments like that *can* get lost, and not through holocausts, liquidations, and the like. The thought is intriguing and warning.

Koestler is also concerned with the ancient unity or—at least if distinguished, never to be disjoined—complementarity of science and religion. Although our own day exhibits a polite and deadly “divided house of faith and reason,” the author feels this is false and dangerous. He is interested in exploring past history as a basis for finding out what new departures are possible. He is interested in showing that a “mystic sense” is the fountainhead of both, and should not be forgotten.

This leads him to his interest,

heavily concentrated upon in this book, of the psychological processes of discovery, and the converse process which blinds man to truths. He finds the history of the progress of science to be much more complex and multi-faceted than is often conceived.

The progress of Science [he says] is generally regarded as a kind of clean, rational advance, along a straight ascending line; in fact it has followed a zigzag course, at times almost more bewildering than the evolution of political thought. The history of cosmic theories, in particular, may without exaggeration be called a history of collective obsessions and controlled schizophrenias; and the manner in which some of the most important individual discoveries were arrived at reminds one more of a sleepwalker's performance, than an electronic brain's.

The favorite character through whom he can make his points is Johannes Kepler, on whom he lavishes enough time and space to have had the book credited in some circles now, for having brought Kepler out of an undeserved obscurity, relative to Newton and Galileo. And Kepler is winsome. Born to miserable environmental circumstances and not escaping them for many years, sickly for a long time, never affluent, of Protestant persuasion oftentimes in Catholic territory, but suspect too in Lutheran circles—all the strikes were against him. Neither does one get the picture of utterly unique, solitary genius, like an Einstein. Rather one of

a growingly likeable personality, enthusiastic, of ordinary mathematic equipment at first, but with great interest and inventive power in it, without measuring instruments or money to make or buy them, and needing eventually to "steal" (it becomes justifiable in the narrative) data from the estate of the brilliant observer, dull theorist, Brahe, yet he was quite remarkable in production. From utterly wrong premises, he came to correct notions of relative relations of the planets. His esthetic addiction to the perfection of circles kept him from recognizing his own written logic on the elliptical nature of orbits, which he did finally get freed, of course. His writings show a very precise statement of the law of gravity, although he did not appreciate the significance of it. In fact, the devious and complex combination of logic, intuition, *idée fixe*, rational analysis, and wild guesses is brought out in this very powerful mind and very likeable fellow. Koestler can quote copiously from Kepler's notes and writing and make the story alive and convincing.

Koestler set out to take Galileo for somewhat of a fall. It is not a debunking job exactly, but he thinks Galileo overrated as a scientist and a martyr to freedom of thought. He accuses him in fact of claiming as his own, discoveries which Jesuit astronomers made first. He finds the man extremely churlish with fellow scientists, and an egotist who just had to have a fight. He finds the Church quite interested in science, and quite willing to accept the

free development of heliocentric theories. But Galileo wanted blood, too. The Church was quite confident that it could adjust, or "interpret," the Bible, if, as, and when necessary, when "proofs" were available, but meanwhile wished to be tolerant of the new science as a "theory." Galileo insisted upon theological statements of an heretical sort for which he could not and did not produce any "proof." For one thing, he had not Brahe's copious observing data, nor the benefit of Kepler's work, and although Kepler had tried to communicate with him, Galileo frosted him.

It all becomes a nice problem. Insofar as a man has a right to heresy whether he can prove it or not, Galileo's eloquence about freedom has an enduringly useful place. Insofar as he figuratively slapped the Pope's face, when the latter was trying to befriend him, he asked for a squelching, although at that he never spent a day in jail for it, nor suffered any reduction in personal comfort or convenience. There is thereby produced also another of those great historical "ifs" for which there is no answer and never can be. Just as one may ask *if* not Luther, would the Catholic Church have slowly moderated in the direction of its reforming elements, which it had, instead of retreating, after Luther, into the bitter Counter Reformation launched by Trent, so one may ask *if* Galileo had not been, if the Church would have taken an attitude towards science less inimical to itself and to the world in which it was so influential.

This is all very fascinating and is done in a kind of objective way and in good style, so that laymen can generally read this book and get a lot of "heavy" stuff, in a non-heavy way.

While on science and religion, I most heartily recommend a new paperback at \$1.00, entitled *The Open Mind*, by J. Robert Oppenheimer. It is a collection of essays and addresses written over the years by this distinguished physicist. Some date back to the days before he was dropped from the advisory group to the Atomic Energy Commission for "security" reasons, in one of the more stupid episodes of recent American life. All are concerned with the meaning of atomic energy, and its place in defense, peace, and humanitarian pursuits. This book provides the best sustained thoughtfulness and common sense on the subject I know about. And the final essay, "Prospect in the Arts and Sciences," is truly eloquent. This man, Oppenheimer, has proved himself in physics all right, but in science or out he is also a most sensitive writer and thinker. This book can be preached from and can be freely promoted for widespread buying.

Very useful to the minister, and to the more than dilettantishly interested layman is L. W. Grensted's *The Psychology of Religion*. This is in the Oxford Home University Library at only six shillings, if you have a foreign account, or \$3.50 on the American side at a local bookstore. It is a surveying of the field and an elementary structuring of it. This is very helpful indeed, for it is shock-

ing and almost scandalous that this field is being left in the inchoate and disorganized state it is, in even the best universities. Not the least of the values of this book is the bibliographical guide to the most pertinent literature, in the back of it.

It is very balanced and judicious and has that calm, cool, collected, organizing approach often characterizing good British writing. Without in the least missing to give full credit to, and encouragement of, all psychological investigation, he does not reduce religion to psychology. "Sin," or sense of, bears close relation to psychic conflict, and may at times, in a practical way, be indistinguishable from, but it is still not reducible to, it. "Conscience" is not the same thing as an "anxiety neurosis." So, in the area of philosophy of religion, the author comes down on the side of there being an independent or autonomous sphere to "religion." There is no nonsense in it, however, of disjoining science and religion. The author can embrace, to a high if not complete degree, Freud's description of our modes of knowing reality, but can decline to follow Freud in identifying the "illusions" of our modes of knowing with the reality known. It is a most clarifying book on many things. Although he does not mention Messrs. Peale, Dunnington, *et al*, by name, of the American school of "positive thinkers," if you want the basis for a simple

explanation in psychology of religion of both why such individuals are popular and at the same time unscientific and unreligious, you can find it here.

Another comparatively recent reprint in paper by Oxford is Rudolf Otto's *The Idea of the Holy*. It is inexpensive and belongs really in the category of good books in the field of psychology of religion. It is still a classic after forty-three years. Otto first developed the phrase "wholly other" made so much use of by the Barthian and neoorthodox schools. His translator, in a preface here, says Otto did not mean that the "other" to man was "wholly, wholly other" and defends him quite correctly against the charge of being irrational. Liberal ministers can "mine" some of these old works more than they do, and need not fear being "tainted" by them. They do best to read them first-hand, too. While Otto personally feels that the "other" may and must be understood in personal, "Thou" terms, he is very much aware of its impersonal or supra-personal qualities, too, and interestingly finds that exclusive talking about "God-he" to be "too rational." He deplores the lack in the prayers, hymns, liturgy of the church, of that which can say God-it. We Unitarians never have absorbed and disentangled the liberalism in the best of the orthodox theologians, and it is time we should.



Western Unitarian Conference

700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago 53, Illinois

ELLSWORTH M. SMITH, *Executive Secretary*

Organization Man—Unitarian Style

An evening conference with the Pulpit Committee of a church. The Committee unable to decide between two ministers, quite different men with different strengths and emphases. Either will do a good job as minister of this particular church. The division in the Committee reflects two trends within the membership of the church. How can the Committee come to a solid and united recommendation to the Board and the Church? How to help the Committee without playing God with the destinies of the two ministers? My effort was confined to helping the Committee analyze its choices. Have not yet heard what the decision was.

Conferences during the day with a colleague who, with me, constitutes a committee to study a church to see if continued financial aid should be recommended; then with the minister; then lunch with an officer of the church; and an evening meeting with a variety of the leaders of the church. Things going very well. The church would not founder if the aid were withdrawn. The decision came to revolve around the future plans of the church. It was agreed that the church will step up its fund-raising efforts, will establish a long-range planning committee to come up with a five-year plan and a ten-year plan. These plans will involve building expansion, projections

for enlarged college work programs, and a decision concerning a presently unused parsonage. The entire attitude of the church much more confident, clear, and decisive than in the past. The aid was originally granted to save the church from extinction. The aid will be continued for a while to enable the church to grasp fully its remarkable opportunities. Church full on Sundays, church school teeming with children, college group twice last year's size, the church a powerhouse in the community.

A brief conference with a minister about his desire for a new pastorate. Luncheon meeting with some of the church's leaders who represent a group in opposition to the minister. Survey by questionnaire indicates dissatisfaction is small. Church statistics good. Slump in attendance earlier in the year—may be over now. Finances good, membership increasing, church rendering a very significant set of services to the community. Long history of short ministries. How to evaluate the tensions that exist? Must a minister have unanimous support in order to continue? What is the maximum percentage of opposition that can be tolerated if a minister is to continue to render acceptable service? What of the minister's own feelings and acceptance of his task when there is known opposition? What does

a minister's wife feel under such circumstances? Is it valuable to try to determine the responsibility of laymen and the responsibility of the minister for the difficulties? How to dissipate heated feelings? A social research organization once told us that it would take six months of field work, nine months of evaluation, and twenty thousand dollars to come up with the diagnosis and recommendations for cure in just such a situation. How can the Western Conference and its Secretary be useful in such a situation? There are no ready-made, do-it-yourself kits for resolving conflicts within a voluntary group.

An evening meeting with a minister and his Board. He is to go to a new parish. The church faces the future. Good, steady progress during the recent past, yet the church has not yet really accepted sufficiently high goals to bring it to a pitch of real commitment. Good latent confidence to build on. Indicated: a general conference with the membership about fund-raising and debt retirement so that a better salary can be offered; plus the adoption of some long-range goals and the completion of building plans for an adequate church school plant. Also, how does a Unitarian church operate in a conservative and relatively unfriendly community (unfriendly to liberalism, that is)? Minister going outside the Western Conference. Good man. Sorry to lose him. People very fond of him but do not blame him for seeking a larger opportunity. Here and always the need to find ministers for churches who

will rise to the challenge of difficult but exceedingly worth while tasks. Here, at least two ministers in a row have built strongly though of necessity slowly, and the next man will benefit by their labors. Among ministers, we constantly set things up for our successors. It is nice that way!

A member of a Pulpit Committee came to my office to talk about the various candidates being considered by her Committee. Each man is a distinct individual, each has his particular accents and perhaps some blind spots. Which would be the best choice? What am I to say? Again, I have no interest in playing God. Rather, by my knowledge of the men, I can help the Committee to imagine how each man would make his particular contribution and help the Committee to understand the factors involved in its choice. Also, can and will the church offer enough salary to give a man a secure living and enable it to have a real choice of men? Can the level of pledging be increased? What should the church do about the need for an adequate building—enlarge at its present location or move to a new location and start from scratch? Should the decision be made on the factor of economy or on how much challenge the congregation will accept? How pick the minister who will most help in meeting the situation and its opportunities?

Lunch with a headquarters staff member about ministers of other denominations seeking Unitarian affiliation. Much conversation about the motives these men have,